One by one he finds himself obliged to abandon the best details of his design: still he clings to *proportions*,—but even these must be sacrificed; off goes the clerestory, down go the walls; try it again: still 500*l.* too much. Brick arches plastered, and omit labels, will just do it; it comes out to the amount, a wreck to be sure, and anything but a worthy building; but it can be done for the stipulated sum, and that is the only point considered. This is no exaggerated picture. I can truly say that I have been compelled to commit absolute suicide with every building in which I have been engaged, and I have good proof that they are little better than ghosts of what they were designed; indeed, had I not been permitted by the providence of God to have raised the church of St. Augustine, I must have appeared as a man whose principles and works were strangely at variance."

It is an architect's province to be always striving for something better than he can get, and to conquer difficulties. A teacher has always to find fault; when he can be fully satisfied he is no longer wanted. Architecture is a harassing and responsible profession. If the circumstances under which architects' works are produced, and the thought, struggle, and anxiety they cost, were well understood and properly estimated by the public, the professors of our art would receive more consideration than is now usually accorded them.

PROMENADES IN PARIS.

In one's promenades through a great and ancient city, how much there is to see both novel and curious. On the one hand we have incessant change and activity, on the other the very rust of antiquity and inertness: side by side the new and the old, the modern and the ancient, are struggling for pre-eminence, for preference, for existence. Each has its admirers, its supporters. But it is particularly in the cities of the continent that we have the most interesting specimens of the buildings of ancient times, maintaining by their solidity of construction, as much as by the beauty and picturesque character of their decoration, their position against the encroachments of modern improvement and innovation. There the go-ahead principle of the Anglo-Saxon race has scarcely begun to make an impression, or rouse from their mediæval slumber the "paternally" governed populations. They start at length as the engineer's whistle resounds in their ears and the heavy *convoi* rushes swiftly past them, and seem to awake to a new existence and to new ideas at the wonders of steam and of electricity.

With these new visions spring up a thousand interests of progress and of fortune, and along with them the spirit of innovation and amelioration. It is curious to watch their effect, and to note with what rapidity new quarters and towns arise: how old places are changed, renovated, enlarged; and how the new, the modern world of progress in art, is holding out a hand of renovation and restoration to save the old from destruction or oblivion!

We have been struck with this fact more than once in our promenades about Paris. It is a great pleasure now and then, on an idle day, to set out in search of the curious, the ancient, and the picturesque, through some of those quarters of the town which abound in narrow streets and antiquated hotels. A few streets still remain untouched by the unrespecting hand of improvement. The oil lamp still swings across from house to house, glaring reddishly at night, only enough to make the darkness "more visible;" the rude pavement, with its dirty gutter running down the middle, seems never to have been touched for centuries; "bornes," or edge-stones, still line the sides, sole protection of the pedestrian; while the dirty-looking hotels, with their pompous portals and roomy court-yards, attract the attention of the stranger, not merely by the style of the architecture, but by the contrast of light and neatness they most frequently present within to the narrow gloominess of the street.

As in London, the fashionable quarter of Paris has been moving westerly for several centuries. In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., the Marais, the Place Royale, the Faubourg St. Antoine, the Isle Saint Louis, still contained within their limits the residences of the aristocracy. But a movement had already commenced towards the "westward," as the Tuileries became more decidedly the abode of royalty; and in the following reign the superb Faubourg of St. Germain sprung up. If, therefore, you would wish to form an idea of the grandeur of former times, you can trace it in the French capital with remarkable distinctness. Solidity of construction has guaranteed from the fickleness of change the works of former days, and the slowness to admit of innovations, and the facility to accommodate themselves to circumstances, which characterize the French, account, perhaps, in some measure, for the existence of whole quarters, ill adapted, one would think, to modern ideas and habits.

But the mental and material revolution is fast producing its fruits now on every side. Not content with rearing new and magnificent quarters to the actual sovereign of France—the middle class,—the spirit of change now threatens older districts. In the splendid hotels of the ancient aristocracy—theatres of so many intrigues, conspiracies, and crimes—inexhaustible sources for the novelist and romance writer—industry at the present day has her throne. From the vault to the roof they are filled with the productions of commerce, of manufactures, of art. Under the painted and gilded ceilings are displayed the wares of the tradesman. The boudoir is the counting-house of the honest merchant: we might name many whose destination has thus been changed by the fickleness of time. Few, however, would present any interest to an English reader; and of these, the Hotel Lambert, on the Island of St. Louis; the Hotel St. Aignan, Rue St. Avoye; and the Hotel Sully, in the Rue St. Antoine, are among the most conspicuous for their historical recollections, as for their superiority in point of architectural beauty.

The terrible Faubourg St. Antoine—more terrible in imagination than in reality—once the residence of the proudest aristocracy, is now the residence of the industrious democracy. The whole quarter, from the Boulevard du Temple to the river, and from the Hotel de Ville to the Bastile, the scene of some of the worst events of revolution, is of the highest interest. We may traverse it in any direction, and find abundant materials for excitement and curiosity. The abode of the great mass of the working people of this metropolis is not, like that in most great towns, paltry in character, wretched in appearance, and devoid of interest; on the contrary, despite its many narrow streets, and uninviting aspect, here and there, it is generally picturesque and highly attractive to the curious observer.

Inhabited as it is principally by the working class, it became naturally the stronghold of the extreme party, and some damage was done during the conflict. Few houses in the Rue St. Antoine escaped. In spite of the reparations the damage is still to be traced; the fronts of the houses, particularly near the corners of streets, being grazed and peppered by shot. One house was battered down on the Place of the Bastile, at the corner of the Rue de la Rocquette, and others received their quantum of cannon shot. At this moment some houses are in course of demolition on the Quai Saint-Paul, in order to widen and raise the pavement, and one of them standing more in advance than the others, received, in June, 1848, no less than twenty-three cannon shots, besides several discharges *à mitraille!*

This quay is one of many improvements going on in the Quarter, and has been urged forward in order to render the approach to the Lyons Railway as easy, at an early period, as possible. The quays of Paris are unrivalled, and there is little more to be done to make them uniform in width and grandeur. Amongst the changes they have necessitated, has been the demolition of the house formerly inhabited by Abelard and Heloise on the Quay Napoleon, No. 9, at the corner of the Rue des Chantres. The new building, like the majority of those constructed of late years, is a great ornament to the quarter. It has two entrances, over each of which are medallions of the two lovers, and between the doors is a slab of white marble, with an inscription in letters of gold, "Ancienne habitation d' Heloïse et d' Abeillard, 1118; reconstruite en 1849."

Another encroachment of the spirit of progress here has led to a rectification of an error respecting the house in which Molière was born. Among the houses to be demolished, on account of the enlargement or rather the throwing into one market of all the markets congregated between the Halle au Blé and the Rue St. Denis, was this one which all the friends of literature were about to regret because of its historical *souvenirs*. It was M. Lenoir, conservator of French monuments, who first noticed this house, and on the 13th Brumaire, An VIII. (4th November, 1799) put up an inscription on the front, "Ici Molière est né en 1620." The edifice, No. 5, Rue de la Tonnellerie, has been since almost rebuilt, and decorated with a bust of the celebrated writer, with the words, "C'est dans cette maison qu'est né, en 1620, Baptiste Poquelin de Molière." Far from deploring the loss of this pretended monument, it is perhaps rather desirable that it should be destroyed, inasmuch as it consecrates an error. In fact, the Act of Baptism of Molière, found among the registers of the parish of Saint-Eustache, as also the archives of the hospitals, prove that the great man was born on Saturday, 15th January, 1622, at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Etuves and the Rue St. Honoré, near the Croix du Trahoir.

The Rue de la Tonnellerie, now about to be demolished, is one of the curiosities of Paris. In the twelfth century it was a road containing here and there a few miserable dwellings, occupied by Jews. It was closed in 1202, and obtained its name from the number of coopers who lived in it. It was afterwards called Rue de la Toillères, in 1547; but there are documents of the seventeenth century in which it is styled "Grands Pilliers de la Halle,"—no doubt from the circumstance of an arcade running the whole length of it, supported on massive square pillars. Not far from this spot, by-the-by, is the Rue de la Ferronnerie, in which Henry the Fourth was assassinated, south of the Marché des Innocents. It was then a very narrow street; and by stepping on one of the "bornes," Ravaillac was able to reach and strike the great man who wished "that every peasant should have a fowl in the pot for dinner on Sundays."

Strolling from the markets to the quai, we arrive at the Hotel de Ville, around which a number of houses are being taken down, in order completely to isolate it. And a little to the west is a mass of ancient building, intersected by some of the narrowest streets in the town, a considerable portion of which is about to be removed, not for mere purposes of health, although that is one consideration, but also while forming an open space, to build a caserne for the protection of the Hotel de Ville, which is embarrassed by the number of troops lodged within its precincts.

From thence, we cross the river to observe the reparations going on in the tower in which Marie Antoinette was confined at the Conciergerie. The almost complete restoration of Notre Dame attracts our attention. The ground in front has been lowered, and instead of descending into the cathedral, we now have to ascend three or four steps into it—in early times there were eleven steps,—an improvement of no small importance after all. The towers and the beautiful front are almost entirely renovated, and in approaching them, we are now infinitely more struck with their grandeur and beauty: the richly ornamented portals look higher and nobler since the levelling of the ground. To the south of the cathedral; on the spot where the Archbishop's palace formerly stood, has been built a beautiful sacristy, according, in Gothic character, with the edifice; and in front of it is a noble quay leading to the public promenade, once the Archbishop's garden, and at present covered with temporary barracks for soldiers. At no time has this interesting building been more complete, or presented an appearance more thoroughly in accordance with its re-

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